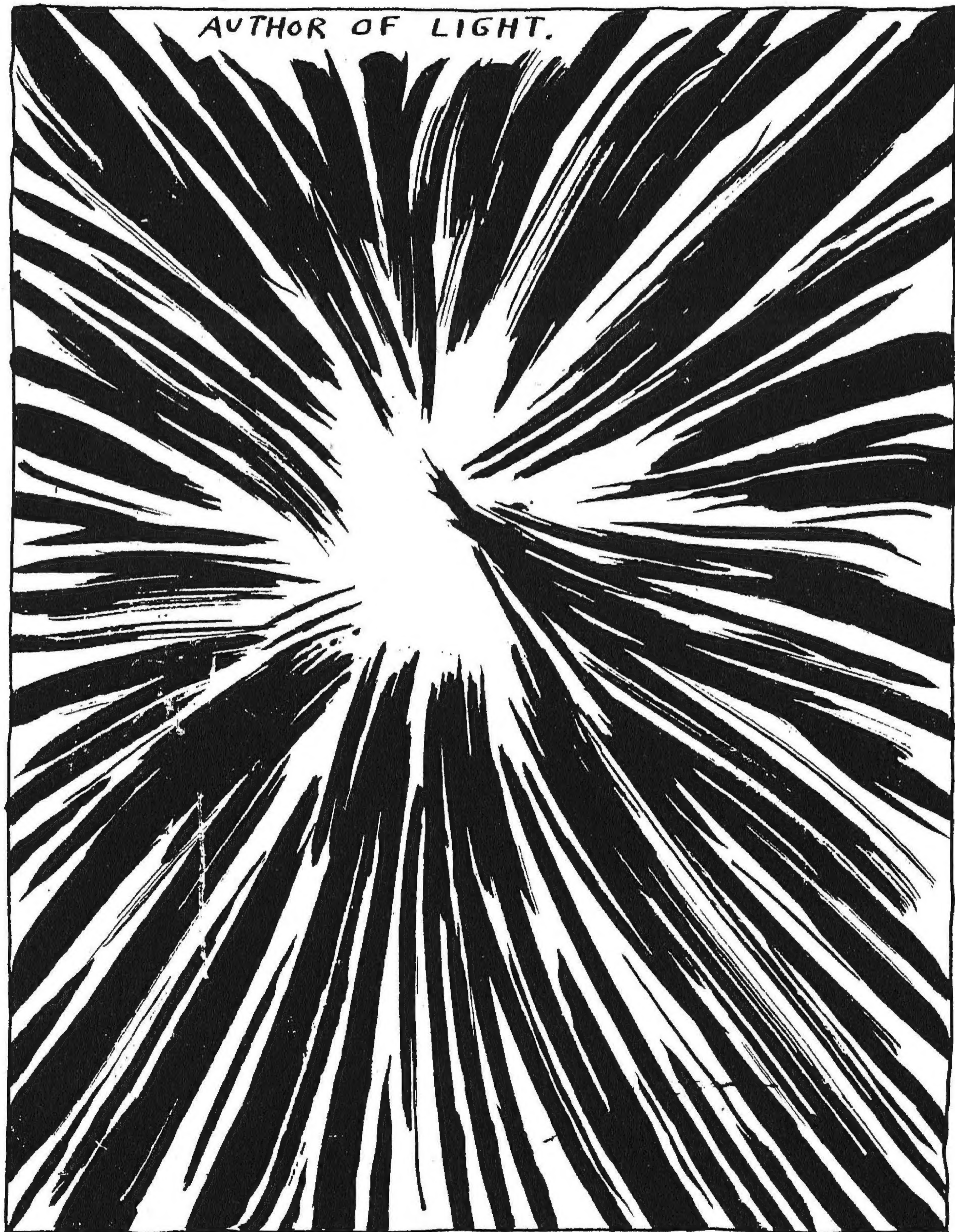


WATCHING ONAN

by Raymond Pettibon

\$2



SUPERFLUX PUBS

SPOTSPECKLER.

WRING IN THE DEW!

ROSE-BOGGLED GOGGLES.

THROW US
SOME SOAP.



A LAMB CHOP AS BIG AS A BATTERING RAM.

IN THIS ATMOSPHERE
A BOY FELT SOMETHING
LIKE HIS RAW SELF.

POUR ME ONE?' CREATING
AS YOU DO A KIND OF SMOKY
ATMOSPHERE IN WHICH MY OWN
SOUL RESPIRES ANXIOUSLY.

THAT MAY WELL HAVE BEEN THE SECRET
OF MY MULTIFARIOUS AESTHETIC ACTIVITIES,
MY VARIETY OF EXPERIMENT AND EXPRESSION.
WAKING UP COVERED IN VOMIT.

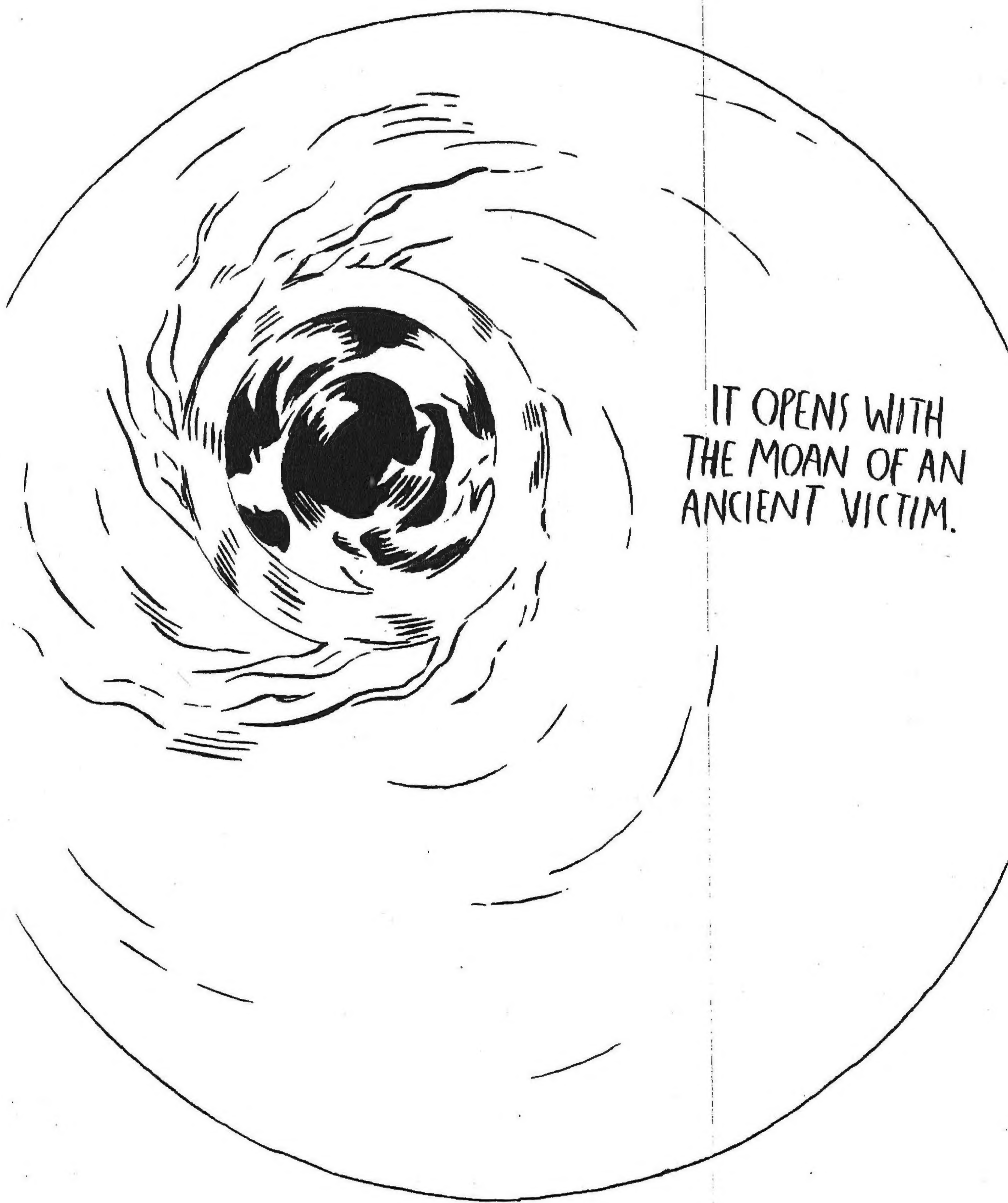


MY VIEW FROM THE MIDDLE (OF THE BACK SEAT).



IT SEEMED TO ME
ON THE WHOLE A
POOR WORLD THIS
TIME.

ONE LAST RIDE.



IT OPENS WITH
THE MOAN OF AN
ANCIENT VICTIM.

PEOPLE THE
WORLD WITH
IMAGES.

FOR THE OLD ONES
IT SUBSTITUTES
NEW ONES WHICH
DO NOT HAVE THE
SAME POWER OF
RESURRECTION.

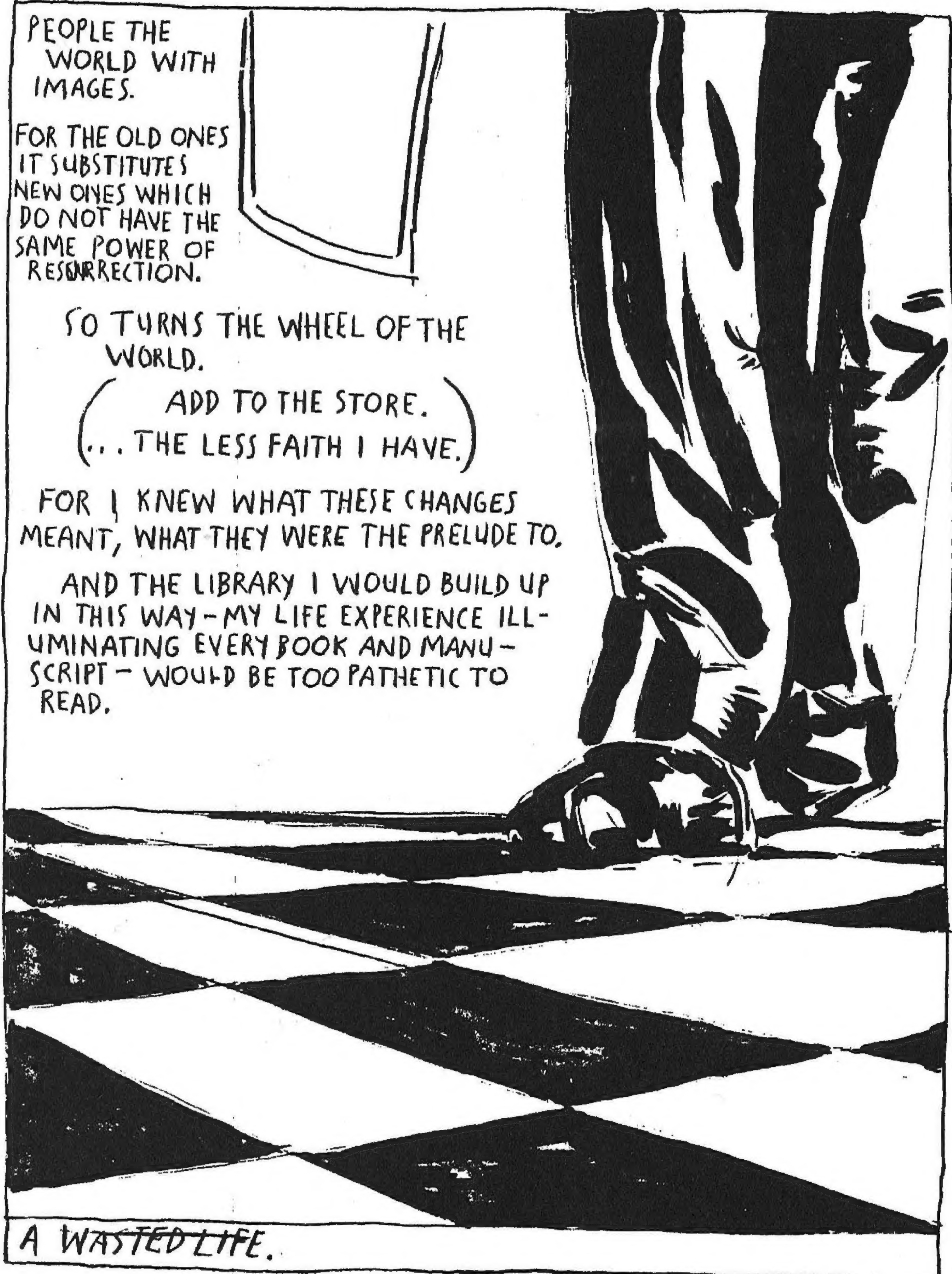
SO TURNS THE WHEEL OF THE
WORLD.

(ADD TO THE STORE.
... THE LESS FAITH I HAVE.)

FOR I KNEW WHAT THESE CHANGES
MEANT, WHAT THEY WERE THE PRELUDE TO.

AND THE LIBRARY I WOULD BUILD UP
IN THIS WAY - MY LIFE EXPERIENCE ILL-
UMINATING EVERY BOOK AND MANU-
SCRIPT - WOULD BE TOO PATHETIC TO
READ.

A WASTED LIFE.





THE BEDTIME STORY
WAY OVER MY HEAD,
"SOME DAY
STAND--
ER."

THEN HE
BROKE OUT

WENT

YOU WILL UND-
ABOUT YOUR

IN LULLABY

ER-
MOTH-

SONG.

I TRACE MY BEGINNINGS IN DREAMS ANALYSIS TO THAT NIGHT.

Her smile is never inconsequential.

That beauty is more beholdng to Art than
Nature.

He had learned
to believe in
the big
close-up at
the end.



THEY'RE BEING

A DIVINE OLD LON OF THE SCENAR

EN
CE

—

—

—

EN

ADI
S I

—

—

A PURELY TRANSATLANTIC AND

'DAD DON'T
DO IT!'

SHE IS NOT
WORTH THAT!



Perhaps a full-length portrait of her ladyship?



LINKING THE FIRST BEGINNINGS OF THE WORLD AND THE EVENTS OF
YESTERDAY IN A GROTESQUE COMRADELINESS.



THE MOVIES

VISIONS AS HIS MOTHER,

THE LIGHT OF
ANESTHESIOLOGY.

THE VERY GENII OF PLACES CONSECRATED
BY POETRY BREATHED THEIR SWEET ETHER OVER
HIM AND GIRDED HIM ROUND WITH ALTERNATING
VISIONS.

AS IF HE WERE CONSCIOUS OF
TEN THINGS AT ONCE.
(THE UNCONSCIOUS.)

A TRAIN
MADE.

A PAINTER
BORN.

And so copying,
quite unconsciously,
and with no disloyalty
to the original, I refined
improved, substituted -
substituted myself,
in fact, my
finer self.



Consider now
the great
emptiness
of America.

NEVERENDING.

HE HAS NOT DUG HIS WELL
DEEP ENOUGH.

LET ME OFF WHERE
YOU WILL.

The mere con-
tact of one's feet
with its soil
will
change one.



LOST MY PLACE

OH, SPIRIT OF MAUPASSANT,
COME TO MY
AID!



ALL I

CAN SAY IS THAT IN AN INSTANT THE BAND-
AGE HAD FALLEN FROM MY EYES, AND NOT
ONE BANDAGE ONLY, BUT THE WHOLE
MANIFOLD OF BANDAGES IN WHICH
I HAD BEEN BROUGHT UP.

I FELT
HIM STREAMING IN
LIKE LIGHT UPON ME.
DIRTY
LIGHT.



I had not on any
occasion personally
succeeded in reach-
ing the footlights;
but who could have
doubted, nevertheless,
with my large exper-
ience, of the nature,
and of my understand-
ing, of the dramatic
form?

She takes backstage.

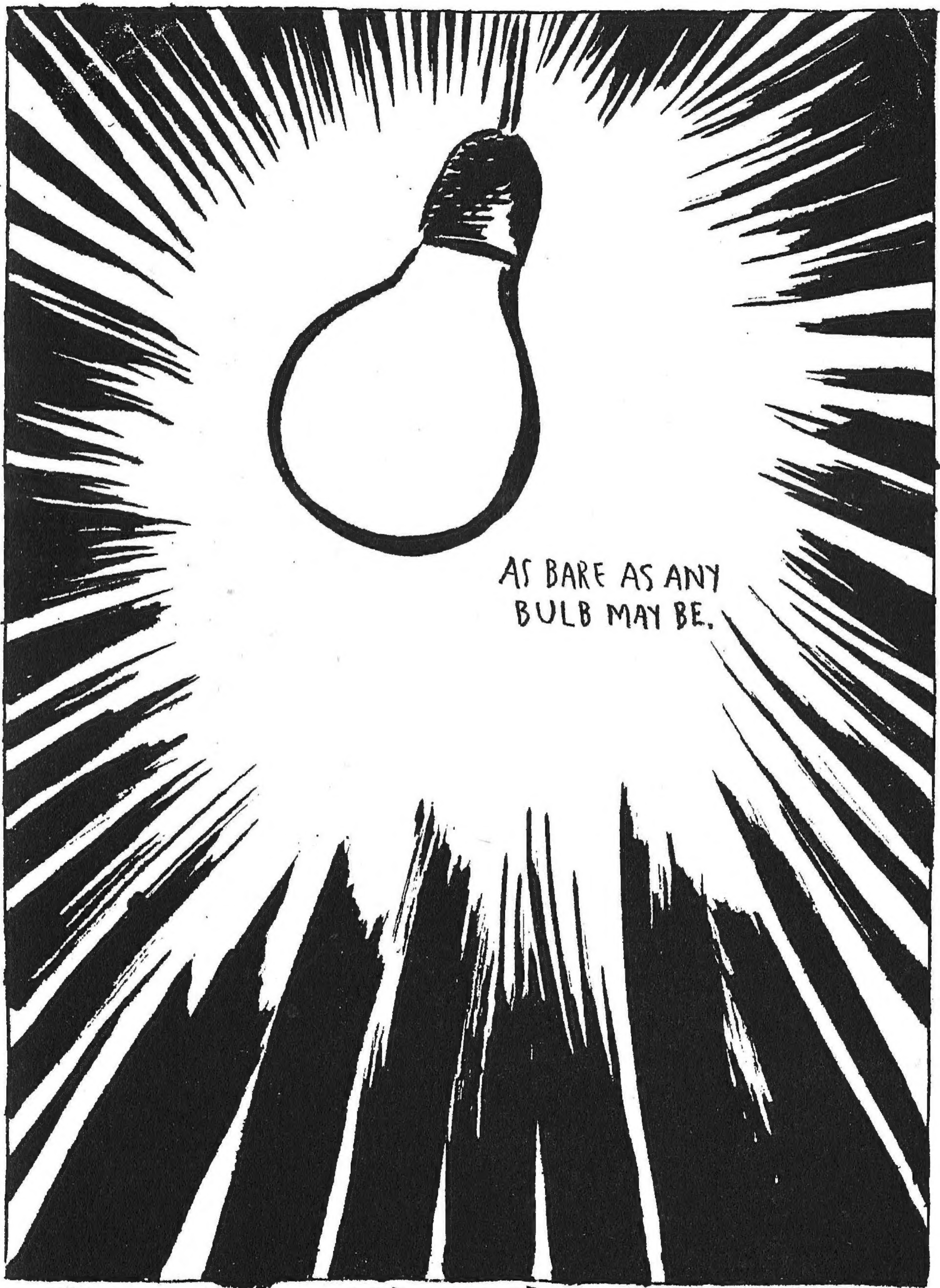




PILE ONE ATOP THE
OTHER, AS IF ONE WERE
COLLECTING INSTANCES.

TAKE MY STROKE AND BEND
TO YOUR BOW.





AS BARE AS ANY
BULB MAY BE.

WISHING WHAT I WRITE MAY BE READ BY THEIR LIGHT.

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